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EDITORIAL

THE CANADIAN COUNCIL COMES INTO EXISTENCE

In a report submitted to the Committee of the Privy Council by the Right Honourable Louis S. St. Laurent, the Prime Minister, are to be found the following submissions:

"It is desirable that the Canadian people should know as much as possible about their country, its history and traditions; and about their national life and common achievements;

That it is in the National interest to give encouragement to institutions which express national feeling, promote common understanding and add to the variety of richness of Canadian life, rural as well as urban;

That there exist already certain Federal Agencies and activities which contribute to these ends; including the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the National Film Board, the National Gallery, the National Museum, the Public Archives, the Library of Parliament, the National War Museum, the system of aid for research including scholarships maintained by the National Research Council and other government agencies; and

That it is desirable that an examination be conducted into the agencies and activities, with a view to recommending their most effective conduct in the national interest and with full respect for constitutional jurisdiction of the provinces."

The Committee therefore, on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, advised that:

1. The Right Honourable Vincent Massey, P.C., C.H., Chancellor of the University of Toronto.
2. Arthur Surveyor, Esq., B.A.Sc., C.E., D.Engn., LL.D., Civil Engineer, Montreal.
3. Norman A. M. MacKenzie, Esq., C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., President, University of British Columbia.
4. The Most Reverend George-Henri Levesque, O.P., D.Sc.Soc., D.D., of the Faculty of Social Sciences, Laval University.
5. Miss Hilda Neatby, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of History and Archaeology, Head of the Department, University of Saskatchewan.

be appointed Commissioners under Part One of the Inquiries Act to examine and make recommendations upon:

the principles upon which the policy of Canada should be based, in the fields of radio and television broadcasting;

such agencies and activities of the government of Canada as the National Film Board, the National Gallery, the National Museum, the National War Museum, the Public Archives and the care and custody of public records, the Library of Parliament; methods by which research is aided including grants for scholarships through various Federal Government agencies; the eventual character and scope of the National Library; the scope or activities of these agencies; the manner in which they should be conducted, financed and controlled, and other matters relevant thereto;

methods by which the relations of Canada with the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization and with other organizations operating in this field should be conducted;

relations of the government of Canada and any of its agencies with various national voluntary bodies operating in the field with which this inquiry will be concerned.

The Committee further advised that the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, P.C., C.H., be chairman of the Commission.

During the course of its two-year inquiry, the Commission held 114 public hearings throughout Canada at which some twelve hundred witnesses appeared. The Commission received 62 formal submissions, and many hundreds of letters from Canadian citizens.

In addition to the other numerous recommendations by the Commission was the following:

"That a body be created to be known as the Canada Council for the Encouragement of the Arts, Letters, Humanities and Social Sciences to stimulate and to help voluntary organizations within these fields, to foster Canada's cultural relations abroad, to perform the functions of a national commission for UNESCO, and to devise and administer a system of scholarships."

As a result of this recommendation, during the Fifth Session of the Twenty-Second Parliament, 1957, The House of Commons of Canada passed Bill 47. This is no ordinary bill of routine government procedure, but is rather a bill that should touch the heart of every Canadian citizen interested in the progressive development of Canada into a full and culturally-rich nation. This bill became "An Act for the Establishment of a Canada Council for the Encouragement of the Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences", or as it is known by its short title "The Canada Council Act".

The purpose of this Act is to establish a Canada Council for the encouragement of activities and works that will further the cultural attainments of the Canadian nation. These activities and works are included in section eight of the act, namely;

- (1) "The objects of the Council are to foster and promote the study and enjoyment of, and the production of works in, the arts, humanities and social sciences, and, in particular, but without limiting the generality of the foregoing, the Council may in furtherance of its objects,
- (a) assist, co-operate with and enlist

the aid of organizations, the objects of which are similar to any objects of the Council;

- (b) provide, through appropriate organizations or otherwise, for grants, scholarships or loans to persons in Canada for study or research in the arts, humanities or social sciences in Canada or elsewhere or to persons in other countries for study or research in such fields in Canada;
 - (c) make awards to persons in Canada for outstanding accomplishment in the arts, humanities or social sciences;
 - (d) arrange for and sponsor exhibitions, performances and publications of works in the arts, humanities or social sciences;
 - (e) exchange with other countries or organizations or persons therein knowledge and information respecting the arts, humanities and social sciences; and
 - (f) arrange for representation and interpretation of Canadian arts, humanities and social sciences in other countries.
- (2) The Governor in Council may assign to the Council such functions and duties in relation to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization as he considers desirable."

By virtue of the Act the Council has a working capital of one hundred million dollars; fifty million dollars to aid university building over the next ten years and fifty million dollars to be invested on the advice of a special investment committee. The revenue expected from this investment, estimated to be in the neighborhood of two

million dollars annually, will be to promote the arts, humanities social sciences leading to higher cultural development of the nation.

The chairman of the Canada Council is the Honourable Brooke Claxton, former National defence minister and the vice-chairman is the Most Reverend George-Henri Levesque of Laval University. The director is A. W. Trueman, former chairman of the National Film Board and former president of the Universities of Manitoba and New Brunswick. The associate director is Eugene Bussan, former director of the Citizenship Branch of the Dept. of Citizenship and Immigration. The Council is composed of twenty-one members and the provinces are represented. The Council will have its offices in Ottawa and expects to meet three times annually—in October, February and May.

That an Act has been passed to assist the development of the national culture through government grants is indeed proof that those in authority realize the existence of the talented and a great young nation. The Act shows a willingness on the part of the representatives of the Canadian people to guide and foster the development of that talent to the end result of a distinctive national culture to be admired by the rest of the world.

It seems only natural that an ethnic group, as culture conscious as the Icelandic-Canadians, should be anxious to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the procedure and accomplishments of the Canada Council. May it come to pass that those of Icelandic descent will contribute generously their talent to the nations further cultural growth.

A. Isfeld

DAVÍÐ STEFÁNSSON

FRÁ FAGRASKÓGI

by LOFTUR BJARNASON



Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi

Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi! This melodic and poetically connotative name well becomes the most gifted and, probably the best loved poet of modern Iceland. Meeting this sensitive and richly endowed poet remains one of the most treasured experiences of my life. He and his friend, Tryggvi Sveinbjörnsson were on one of the "Foss" ships—Gullfoss, I believe it was—traveling from Iceland to Copenhagen. I had almost dreaded the voyage, for on that August day in 1931 I was leaving Iceland, after a 15 month stay, to return to the United States. I had arrived in Iceland the previous summer with my father to participate in the millennial celebration. Although I knew practically no Icelandic before stepping ashore that rainy day in June, before the celebration was completed I had so fallen in love with the country, the people, and the language that

I requested and was granted permission to remain for a few months.

The summer of 1930 I spent out in the country, hearing and speaking no English, so that by the time the University opened in the autumn, I was able to enroll and to follow the lectures with profit. The winter of 1930-31 I immersed myself in Icelandic literature, both ancient and modern. My favorite poets were Hannes Hafsteinn and Davíð Stefánsson. I especially enjoyed the light and delicate touch and the rich sonorous language of the poet from Fagraskógi. One can imagine, therefore, my mixed feelings of awe and delight when on the second day out from Reykjavík, I met first Tryggvi and then Davíð.

The whole trip was idyllic in every respect; the sea was glassy-calm, the weather was bright, and the companionship exhilarating. As a youth of seventeen I at first hesitated to take advantage of a chance acquaintanceship of two such well-known men. Their obvious friendliness and infectious good humor, however, soon dispelled any reservations that I had. We walked the deck discussing literature and poetry as well as hundreds of other things. Davíð, with his usual modesty, could only occasionally be prevailed upon to recite or to read his poetry. This was disappointing to me, for who

does not like to hear a poet interpret his own poetry? However, he delighted in reciting from other poets. I remember particularly his statement after having recited a good portion of **Hafísinn** by Matthías Jochumsson: "That is the finest poem composed in Icelandic." When one considers the powerful poetic imagery of **Hafísinn**, it is easy to understand why it would appeal to such a poet as Davíð, for fertility of imagination is precisely one of the poetic talents most characteristic of Davíð Stefánsson.

No one questions the position of the poet from Fagraskógi in modern Icelandic literature. He enjoys greater homage and is more universally appreciated by his countrymen than any poet of modern times. I suggest that one of the main reasons for this love—which borders upon veneration—is his genuine humility. He loves people. He is interested in them as human beings. This interest brings understanding and sympathy. He lives with people and is a human being in a world made up of human beings. Above all, he believes in the essential dignity and worth of the individual. The chance of birth placed him among the Icelanders, but the nostalgic beauty and warmth of his poetry places him among all mankind.

In his latest book, **Ljóð frá liðnu sumri** (Last Summer's Poems, Reykjavík, 1956) he presents essentially the same basic philosophy as that which has characterized his earlier writings. The careful reader will observe, however, a deeper and more penetrating insight into human problems, a greater emphasis upon the ethical prerogative (to use a Kierkegaardian expression), and a more pronounced interest in a distinctly Christian point of view. This does not mean that his earlier writings are not Christian in tone,

but rather that (to use Kierkegaardian terminology again) the emphasis veered from the aesthetic to the ethico-religious.

This shift of emphasis is not something which can be proved by citation of one or two examples. It is rather a point of view or a mode of thinking which pervades a succession of poems. However, in order to exemplify this shift of emphasis, one might consider the essentially aesthetic romantic point of view in Stefánsson's earlier writings, e.g., *Allar vildu me arnar* or "*Brúðarskórnir*" in *Svarfjadrir* (Black Feathers, 1919) "*Klausturvinið*" in *Kvæðasafn I-II* (Collected Poetry, 1930) and compare this point of view with the essentially more serious, more pronounced ethico-religious philosophy presented in "*Nökkvinn*" og "*Húsmóðir*" og "*hvers*" in *Ljóð frá liðnu sumri*.

It should be reiterated that it is dangerous to take individual poems from a book of verse and decide that these particular selections best represent the philosophy of the poet. The judgment of the reviewer is not fallible; he may read into a poem his own interpretation. Nevertheless, it does seem possible to discern a definite direction in Stefánsson's works away from the aesthetic-romantic and toward the ethico-religious.

One feeling that has remained constant in Davíð's poetry from first to last is his love of Iceland and its incomparable scenery, love of the language the people speak, that exquisite poetic tongue that defies translation. In his love for Icelandic folklore and traditions, and for the people themselves. This intense love for all that pertains to his mother country is expressed in almost every poem, but can perhaps be seen in clearest focus in "*Ávað Fjallkonunnar*" or "*Föðurtún*".

I do not feel entirely free from bias in commenting on the quality of the versification of *Ljóð frá liðnu sumri*. Perhaps the fact that I enjoyed Davíð's poetry even before I met him and have enjoyed it still more since knowing him as a person blinds me to any defects in his verse. At any rate, there seem to be thousands who share my opinion that he has complete mastery of the language and the technique of versification. As was alluded to earlier, however, his poetry is characterized less by subtlety of technique than by richness of imagination and precision in delineation. It is difficult to refrain from adducing many examples of his art in this respect, but since space permits of mentioning only a few. I shall

merely refer to "Leda og Svanurinn", "Vindhælisbóndinn", or "Vísur Fjalla Eyvindar."

Perhaps the poem that will dwell longest in the minds of the readers of Icelandic descent will be "Segið það móðir minni" which seems to express what every *Vestur Íslendingur* wishes he could say:

Segið það móður minni,
að mér sé hennar tunga
söngur, er létti löngum
lífsharm, snjóþunga.
Sá ég í orðum og anda
Ísland úr sæ rísa
og hlaut í völvunnar veðrum
vernd góðra dísa.

It is fitting that a footnote on the author of the above article should follow.

Loftur Bjarnason, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., is the son of Loftur Bjarnason of Salt Lake City. His mother is an American of English and Scottish descent. His grandparents on the father's side, who migrated from Iceland, were Gísli Einarsson Bjarnasonar from Hrífunesi in Vesturskaptellssýsla, and Frú Halldóra Árnadóttir Ásgrímssonar from Meðallandi.

Loftur Bjarnason obtained a B.A. degree and an M.A. degree from the University of Utah in 1934 and 1936. He holds an M.A. degree from Harvard University received in 1939. In 1951 he obtained his doctorate from Stanford University. In between Loftur Bjarnason managed to take courses in European universities: Heidelberg in 1937, University of Berlin in 1938 and the University of Iceland in 1930-31 and again in 1937-38. Dr. Bjarnason has specialized in philology but, as he says, "because of my heritage", he enjoys literature just as much. At present he is teaching English rhetoric, English Literature and World Literature at Hartnell College in Salinas, California.

It is even more fitting that the article on **Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi** should be accompanied by translations of some of his poems. The first one selected is a translation by the author of the article himself: "Klausturvín", Cloister Wine. The second consists of five verses out of eight of "Á föstudaginn langa", translated by Rev. Kolbeinn Sæmundsson under the title: Through Mist of Many Ages.

Rev. Kolbeinn Sæmundsson is well known to many old time Winnipeggers. He is at present serving a Lutheran Congregation in Seattle, Wash.

The Cover Poem is the third selection.

CLOISTER WINE

by Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi
Translated by Loftur Bjarnason

In wine are kept the fires of springtime
Winterlong in oaken tunns;
And they take on winter evenings
The cloister chill from monks and nuns.

Wine that's white and wine that's red
Awaken love and song and verse.
The abbot and the lovely abbess
Take deep draughts to quench their thirst.

KLAUSTURVÍN

eftir Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi

Í víni geymast vorsins eldar
vetrarlangt í eikartunnu,
og þeir taka á köldum kvöldum
klausturhroll úr munk og nunnu.

Vínið hvíta, vínið rauða
vekur ástir, söng og kvæði.
Ábótinn og abbadísinn
eru þyrst og drekka bæði

Cloister wine! Yes, cloister wine!
Is portioned out in brimming bowls.
The wine burns loose the ancient bonds,
And fills the cell with love and skoals.

Soon the wished-for hour arrives
Love for each other is soon laid bare
Has the red wine never, never
Wet your lips, oh saintly Claire?
- - - - -

Love desires the spring and nectar,
Pays no heed to cloister pledges.
Night holds joy in her embrace
Nature always has rough edges.

klausturvínið. Klausturvínið
kneyfað er af fullum skálum.
Vínið brennir forna fjötra,
fyllir klefann ástamálum.

Óðum nálgast óskastundin.
Eldingar um hjörtun fara.
Vætti aldrei vínið rauða
varir þínar, sancta Clara?
- - - - -

Ástin þráir vor og veigar,
virðir lítils klaustureiðinn.
Nóttin geymir nautn í skauti.
Náttúran er alltaf heiðin.



THROUGH MIST OF MANY AGES

by Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi
Translated by Kolbeinn Sæmundsson

Through mist of many ages
Great marvels I can see;
Through storm of hate that rages
Comes Christ so lovingly.
Though 'neath a cross bowed lowly,
His eyes shed grace divine.
I kneel His footprints holy
To kiss, and claim Him mine.

I wait the dawn's revealing
The height, depth, gain and loss,
The full and perfect meaning
Of Jesus' wondrous cross;
It from despair now frees us,
Saves from eternal loss.
They, life and death, Christ Jesus,
Is hidden in Thy cross.

Thou, Christ, alone art willing
And able to impart
The gifts our needs fulfilling
To every human heart;
Alone dost draw the fallen
From sin to holy life,
Give calm to waters sullen,
And peace amid the strife.

Á FÖSTUDAGINN LANGA

eftir Davíð Stefánsson frá Fagraskógi

Í gegnum móðu og mistur
ég mikil undur sé.
Ég sé þig koma, Kristur,
með krossins þunga tré.
Af enni daggir drjúpa,
en dýrð úr augum skín.
Á klettinn vil ég krjúpa
og kyssa sporin þín.

Eg bíð, unz birtir yfir,
og bjarminn roðar tind.
Hvert barn, hvert ljóð, sem lifir,
skal lúta krossins mynd.
Hann var og verður kysstur.
Hann vermir kalda sál.
Þitt líf og kvalir, Kristur,
er krossins þögla mál.

Þú einn vilt alla styðja
og öllum sýna tryggð.
Þú einn vilt alla biðja
og öllum kenna dyggð.
Þú einn vilt alla hvíla
og öllum veita líð.
Þú einn vilt öllum skýla
og öllum gefa frið.

To hut and kingly dwelling
 Thou, Christ, dost come alone.
 For all Thy tears are welling,
 Wilt for their sins atone.
 Thou hear'st each weak soul praying
 For friend its guide to be.
 Thou lovest every being
 Though none be true to Thee.

Að kofa og konungshöllum
 þú kemur einn á ferð.
 Þú grætur yfir öllum
 og allra syndir berð.
 Þú veizt, er veikir kalla
 á vin að leiða sig.
 Þú sérð og elskar alla,
 þó allir svíki þig.

I fall at Thy feet, dearly
 The tree of life enfold.
 With inner vision clearly
 Great marvels I behold.
 Life's endless stream obeys Thee,
 The weak protects Thy might.
 From Thy love-flame most freely
 All worlds receive their light.

Eg fell að fótum þínum
 og faðma lífsins tré.
 Með innri augum mínum
 ég undur mikil sé.
 Þú stýrir vorsins veldi
 og verndar hverja rós.
 Frá þínum ástareldi
 fá allir heimar ljós.



THE COVER VERSE

The translation is by the writer so no comments will be made.

The selection was made to disclose how deeply Davíð Stefánsson can feel and how beautifully he can express that depth of feeling. Memories can be a repository of limitless riches for those

who keep them ever fresh by pausing once in a while and letting their minds feast upon them. They become the richer and more deeply comforting as the scene ahead begins to fade and the shadows lower. The original follows.

—W. J. L.

I FEEL A FRAGRANCE

by DAVÍÐ STEFÁNSSON

translated by W. J. LINDAL

I feel the fragrance of a withered flower,
 At sunset gleams the distant ruined tower,
 The lays of ancient minstrels fill the hour,
 Warmth and comfort from your bosom stream.
 Forget I never shall—the memories seem
 A world enchanted opening in a dream.
 So may your name be blessed in earth and
 heaven,
 Your smiles an urge to starry heights have
 given,
 Your love is comfort in life's restless hour,
 You were my fort, my torch, my harp, my
 flower.

NÚ FINN EG ANGAN

eftir DAVÍÐ STEFÁNSSON frá FAGRASKÓGI

Nú finn eg angan löngu bleikra blóma,
 borgina hrundu sé við himin ljóma,
 og heyri aftur fagra, forna hljóma,
 finst um mig hlýja úr brjósti þínu streyma.
 Eg man þig enn og mun þér aldrei gleyma,
 Minning þín opnar gamla töfraheima.
 Blessað sé nafn þitt bæði á himni og jörðu.
 Brosin þín mig að betri manni gjörðu.
 Brjóst þitt mér hlýju og hvíldar enn þá veldur,
 þú varst mitt blóm, mín borg, mín harpa
 og eldur.

Helping to Bridge the Atlantic

There are many ways in which Iceland and its people can be brought closer to Canada and the United States and their people, and of course, more particularly to people in those two countries of Icelandic extraction. This magazine would be remiss in its duty if it did not draw attention to incidents and undertakings which will help strengthen the cultural bonds between these two countries and Iceland. Though blood relationship and ties of kinship will continue to be a vital ever reinforcing strength to these bonds, that by itself is not sufficient, and it may be that it is not desirable that it alone provide the sustaining cultural strands. There is a process on this side of the Atlantic which is at once a frustration and an encouragement. The blood relationships are thinning very fast, but even in that process the feeling of a common cultural and ideological heritage and the clearer vision of the beauty and strength of one particular facade in that structure spread and in the very spreading gather strength and become more clear. The strands of kinship stretching across the Atlantic are slowly but surely being woven into cultural bonds of wider content which will bring Iceland closer to the two North American countries.

The following are but samples of what has been taking place and will continue in the future in ever increasing ways. The first one shows the profit gained through the visit of Icelandic students to the United States, not only by the students themselves and Americans of their kin, but equally if not more so by other Americans

with whom the students came in contact. The second indicates the reaction in Iceland to one of the enterprises on this side of the Atlantic, an enterprise which, in the words of the "Echo" in Visir, reflects that there are "other (than those of Icelandic blood) in the West, interested in Icelandic culture who number many more" than people in Iceland have imagined. The thinning process may be deplored but it has its undoubted reward.

★

ICELANDIC STUDENTS TAKE THREE MONTH'S TRAINING COURSE IN THE U.S.

In Washington, D.C. there is a Branch in the Department of Agriculture called "International Co-operation Administration". This Administration with "Land-Grant Colleges Co-operating" put on Programs and Itineraries for students and trainees from foreign lands. Such a course was arranged last fall for 15 participants from Iceland. The subject was "Farm Mechanization; Care, Use, Maintenance and Repair of Farm Machinery", and the duration of the training was three months, October 4, 1956 to January 2, 1957.

The itinerary was as follows: Washington, D.C. October 4-19; University of Maine, Orono, Maine, October 22-November 15; California State Polytechnic College, San Luis Obispo, California, November 19-December 14; University of Nebraska, Lincoln Nebraska, December 17-18; International Harvester Company, Chicago, December 20-

21; Washington, D. C., December 24-28.

The official published program opens as follows:

"1. Background, Purposes and Objectives of Study

To provide training for sixteen Icelanders in the use, maintenance and repair of farm tractors and other agricultural machinery. Such knowledge is badly needed in Iceland where such farm machinery has been purchased in recent years but service facilities are inadequate by reason of a shortage of trained personnel.

"Some of the participants are Instructors for the Agricultural Society in the use and maintenance of farm machinery. In carrying out their duties they travel all over the country giving technical advice and assistance to farmers. One member is a teacher in an agricultural school and will be in position to pass his knowledge to many others. The majority of the participants, however, were selected from 13 of the 21 districts in Iceland. In this manner all districts where agriculture is important are represented."

The following attended the course:

Björn Benediktsson
Jónas Bjarnason
Steinþór Eiríksson
Jóhannes Gestsson
Sumarliði Gunnarsson
Ingólfur Guðnason
Sigurþór Hjörleifsson
Steingrímur Jónsson
Tryggvi Jónsson
Halldór Kristjánsson
Einar Þorsteinsson
Lárus Siggeirsson
Þormóður Sigurgeirsson
Ingi Sveinsson
Haukur Jörundarson

The reaction in the United States is revealed in the following two letters.

1176 Pismo St.
San Luis Obispo, California
March 29, 1957

Dear Mr. Helgason:

You expressed a desire of knowing what I thought of the Icelandic Group after being their Technical Leader for three months.

As you know there were fifteen of them, over here to learn all they could about farm mechanization, especially the maintenance of farm tractors and the tools pulled by tractors.

As their leader I arranged the hotel reservations, railroad schedules, train and Pullman tickets. Rail travel was a new experience for most of them and we rode the best trains, most of the time.

The program laid out for them by Mr. H. W. Dill of the International Co-operation Administration of the U.S. Department of Agriculture took us first to the State of Maine. Then out to the Pacific Coast with stops at Chicago, Lincoln, Nebraska, and three weeks at California Polytechnic College in San Luis Obispo. A weeks tour by bus of the San Joaquin Valley and San Francisco. Then back to Washington where we spent Christmas; and finally a few days in New York City before they left by plane for Iceland.

There were tears in the eyes of my wife when they told us goodbye on January 3rd in New York. Ingi Sveinsson, the Rotarian in the group presented her with a beautiful sheep-skin rug from Iceland and to me a finely illustrated book of Iceland, views with the names of the group on the inside page.

In my thirty odd years in the Agricultural Extension Service of the Uni-

versity of California, I can truly say, I have never met a finer group of men. Never once did I hear any one make an ungentlemanly remark.

The high esteem of my wife and me for them was also shared by the folks in Maine and California, who entertained them socially.

Their group singing was a joy to hear and their expressed love for their home land I shall always remember.

If the opportunity arises, my wife and I wish to visit Iceland. I know that you and Mrs. Helgason contributed a great deal to the social good times, while they were here in San Luis Obispo.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely,

Parker Talbot

**The Icelandic Canadian,
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada**

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a letter from Parker Talbot, one of our fine Educators of California, who was Technical Director for the group of men from Iceland who were studying in different Institutions for several months and here at California Polytechnic at San Luis Obispo, 13 miles from Morro Bay where we live.

We had the pleasure of entertaining them at our home one Sunday, when we had a Smorgasbord, and the music we had from them sounded like a trained Male Chorus. Mr. Helgason, my husband, directed them, and it was a thrill to hear them sing his father's, uncle's, and his own songs sung.

We also had a fish-fry one day, when they returned from several hours of fishing in the ocean. After cleaning some of the best fish they all enjoyed the fish-fried by the open fire—at

the foot of Morro Rock, called the "Gibraltar of the Pacific", with salad French bread with garlic, (something unusual for Icelanders) and of course lots of coffee. Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Asmann of San Luis Obispo also helped to entertain them. Only the best can be said about these cultured men, who were very well liked everywhere during their short sojourn.

Very sincerely,

Hildur Lindgren Helgason

The Icelandic Canadian and its readers are indebted to Helgi S. Helgason for supplying this instructive and interesting material. Excerpts from his letter follow:

"Last fall a group of Icelanders visited here and I got an opportunity to get acquainted with them. . . . They are choice (úrvals) men; they all are an honour and a tribute to Iceland. . .

"If you, my dear judge, feel that some of what I have sent you is worthy of publication you select what you think is appropriate.

God bless you and all of you,

H. S. Helgason"

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A VOICE FROM ICELAND

The editors and publishers of the dailies of Reykjavík are very kind, and, though at much greater expense, they exchange their papers with The Icelandic Canadian. (A reference to periodicals will be made at an other time.) "Vísir" is one of these dailies. The editor is Hersteinn Pálsson, and the right hand column of the editorial page is captioned "Bergmál", Echoes. In the issue of May 8, 1957, appeared the Echo on the following page.

ECHOES

This country has not given deserved attention to the cultural activities of the organization in Winnipeg, called The Icelandic Canadian Club, which publishes The Icelandic Canadian, a quarterly of high standard. One of the editors is Judge W. J. Lindal.

Information

The Spring, 1957, number (XV,3) issued a short time ago. In this as well as in many former numbers much is to be found which disseminates information about Iceland—the country and the people. Many articles have appeared about Icelandic literature and historic events; Icelandic poems, translated into English, have been published; etc., etc. This periodical, no doubt, has a large circulation among people of Icelandic descent and others in the West, interested in Icelandic culture, who number many more than many here have imagined.

An uphill climb

In spite of a fairly general circulation out west, it is no doubt a fairly onerous task to maintain a periodical which seeks to publish choice material. Considerable assistance would be provided if the magazine had a merited circulation here; that would be a well earned recognition of the contribution

which the publication of the periodical makes to the spreading of knowledge of Iceland and Icelandic culture.

Contents

In the Spring issue there are many articles which substantiate this: articles by Ingolfur Gilbert Arnason, Mekkin Sveinsson Perkins in Washington, W. A. Packer, Professor in German at the United College in Winnipeg, and others. Then there is the musical composition by the late Gunnsteinn Eyjolfsson, for "Mig hryggir svo margt" by Þorsteinn Erlingsson, translated by Eiríkur Magnússon, M.A. One should also mention that on the front cover there is a verse (in English) from the poem by Steingrímur Þorsteinsson "Iceland" the first line of which is "Teach us our fathers' steps to tread". The whole poem is published in the magazine with the masterly translation by Sir William A. Craigie, and a few remarks about the author and the translator. In addition to all this there is valuable information about Vestur-Íslendingar themselves and various aspects of their cultural contribution. The representative for the magazine here in Iceland is Frú Ólöf Sigurðardóttir 26 C. Vesturgötu, Reykjavík.

Ten children out of more than 200 auditioned, won music Scholarships awarded by the T. Eaton Good Deed Radio Club. Among them was Carlisle Wilson, 12, who tied with another student his age for junior Violin honours.

The winners appeared over C.B.W. T.V. and Radio station CBW.

Carlisle is the son of J. Kerr and Thelma (nee Guttormsson) Wilson, of Winnipeg.

Edward B. Tait, Miami, Florida, District Governor Rotary for Florida, was chosen delegate to the International Convention held in Lucerne, Switzerland in April last.

Accompanied by his wife Christine (Laxdal), Mr. Tait spent one week at Lake Placid, N. Y., and one week in Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. Tait expect to sojourn in London en route to Iceland before returning to New York.

Walter Johnson, Prospector

by BERTHA DANIELSON JOHNSON

Walter Johnson's discovery of nickel in the Mystery-Moak Lakes area, and the sale of claims to both International Nickel and the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting companies have written a new and different success story on the eternal rocks of Manitoba's Pre-Cambrian Shield. We who live in Flin Flon are glad to welcome Walter and his wife, Effie, to our midst, but although they are new-comers to our northern town, Mr. Johnson is an old-timer in the North.

Born in Iceland in 1887, Mr. Johnson came to America with his family when he was six months old, and grew up in what was then the Logberg district, south and west of present Calder, Saskatchewan. As a young man, he farmed at Togo before volunteering for overseas service in World War I. Returning to his former occupation after his discharge, he realized that his agricultural enterprise was doomed to failure. One year, hail lashed his crops; the next, frost wiped him out completely. With characteristic initiative he headed north of The Pas, to wrest a living from the wilderness, proceeding up the Hudson Bay railway to Wekusko, mile 81, and thence to the tiny settlement of Herb Lake, twenty miles from steel, where he arrived by horse-drawn sleigh, with a single dollar in his pocket. By spring he had a fabulous sum of \$500. Furthermore, he had turned a fascinated ear to all the mining and prospecting stories abounding in the region where the Bingo and Rex mines were then producing.

Consequently, in the spring of 1924,

with a partner, Angus Woods, a grub stake, and a prospector's hammer, Johnson struck out in search of his first ore body. That summer they located a low grade gold property near Herb Lake, which brought them neither fortune nor fame.

For two years Johnson worked at the mines, and in the fall of 1926 when they ceased operations he turned to trapping with a partner, Bill Colter.

Inexperienced, they found the fur-bearers elusive.

"We just couldn't seem to catch up with those foxes," he now quips.

With a new partner, Dick Ellis, Johnson turned optimistically to the new mining field of Red Lake, Ontario. They purchased a horse and sleigh in Winnipeg, shipped them to Hudson, Ontario, where they left the railhead, to trek 150 miles through the wilderness.

That summer they prospected the area and fifty miles to the east, succeeding in selling claims that realized \$8000. Investing part of these riches, they returned to Winnipeg, where the big copper discoveries at Flin Flon and Sherridon had quickened the pulses of prospectors and mining companies. They re-invested a substantial sum in the rocks, prospecting for two years north of Herb Lake.

In 1930, having spent their stake and been advised of the bankruptcy of the company handling their investment, their fortune was at a low ebb. All their worldly possessions consisted of a silk tent, an outboard motor, and a can of gasoline, which were in their



JOE KERR

WALTER JOHNSON

GORDON CROSBY

canoe on the shores of the Grassy river.

"We're better off than some," Dick Ellis encouraged. "We have equipment at the river."

On their arrival there, however, they discovered a bear had ripped the tent to shreds, torn a huge hole in their canoe, and dumped the motor and gasoline into the water.

Mending their canoe with pieces of the tent glued on with spruce gum, the partners returned to Herb Lake. Without their hoped-for fortune, the partners still had friends. With borrowed train-fare Dick Ellis journeyed to The Pas, where "Uncle" Ben Dembinsky, merchant, and present mayor of that town, staked them to \$300.

Purchasing traps and food supplies, Ellis and Johnson travelled up the Grassy River, through Setting Lake to the Burntwood River, where they found unoccupied trapping grounds in the vicinity of Mystery Lake. Here Johnson spent his winters until 1948, first with Dick Ellis, who left for Vancouver in 1935, and later with Charlie Vance, presently a Snow Lake merchant. He mastered the ways of the wild, developing a careful conservation

of beaver and advocating registered traplines, both of which were later adopted by the Manitoba government.

The summers were spent among his rocks.

"Each fall we swore we had had enough, but spring found us tramping the bush again", he recalls.

This determination to continue prospecting in the face of apparent failure brought his ultimate success, for during these summer jaunts Mr. Johnson covered a property whose earlier showings were too low for commercial value at the price of nickel at the time, and had been abandoned. In 1946 Johnson was in the Lynn Lake nickel rush but without success. Two years later the Jay Kay Syndicate was formed, and the help of J. H. Johnson, formerly of Thicket Portage, and presently of Winnipeg, was enlisted to sell units in the company.

With the company's money the two did extensive prospecting, uniting with a Flin Flon prospector, Glen Rapson, in an attempt to develop Snow Squall Gold Mine, near Herb Lake.

But now the price of nickel was soaring and it was in great demand.

Consequently, in 1949, Mr. Johnson returned to Mystery Lake for staking which eventually was to bring wealth to him and his associates, and a multi-million-dollar industry to northern Manitoba, where the new town of Thompson is springing up.

From his thirty years away from the haunts of man, Walter can recount adventures both humorous and grim:

There was the time when food was running low in camp. The cook threw all the scraps, including a piece of fat, into the pressure cooker. The stew frothed over the brim onto the stove. Investigating, they found the fat had been a half a bar of soap.

On another occasion, they awakened from a night's sleep by Mystery Lake to see a human skeleton with a knife lodged in its breast-bone resting beside them, having been washed ashore in the night.

His worst experience, he recalls, was in his trapping days, when he fell on his way from his main camp to another cabin on his line. Injured internally, he nevertheless managed to reach the cabin, where he remained alone for eight days without food before recovering sufficiently to return to the main cabin.

Johnson has broken through ice many times. A suggestion for getting out is to bring the feet up level with the body and swim onto the unbroken surface. A person attempting to lift his body upon the ice will crumble it and drop back in.

When living in the bush with no supply of fresh vegetables available this veteran bushman can brew a potion to counteract all scurvy danger. He simply boils mosses, leaves and grasses.

"It might not taste too good", he says. "But it will supply the necessary

vitamin C." Walter Johnson, kind, friendly and unassuming, has a host of friends who respect him for his determined efforts, his unfailing optimism, and his unquestionable integrity. His active mind has been interested in many hobbies, such as gardening, constructing radio sets, and keeping up with current reading. An interesting conversationalist, he is most enthusiastic when he discourses about the rocks, and is not content to rest on his laurels, but continues his chosen work in the north he undoubtedly loves.

★

Since this article was sent in some more information has been received about Walter Johnson and his family. He was born in Iceland April 20th 1887, and migrated with his parents to Canada when he was six months old. They settled in the original Logberry District. His parents were Asgeir and Kristin Johnson. His mother died in 1904 and his father in 1948. His father married again and his stepmother Sigridur, died at Calder in 1946.

Asgeir and Kristin had four children: John who is farming at Pelly, Sask.; Asmundur retired, now residing in Alberta; and Anna Mrs. J. N. Cornell of Pelly, Sask.; and Walter.

Brothers and sisters of the half-blood are William, in a garage business at Barrhead, Alta.; Joseph, operates the Trocadero and is in charge of the orchestra, Edmonton, Alta.; Carl, in the implement business in Barrhead, Alta.; Fred, works for Joe; Lillie, now Mrs. Jira of Calder, Sask.; Kristolin, now Mrs. Kuoreess, who farms near Red Deer, Alta.

Walter Johnson farmed first at Togo, and after World War I, at Pelly, Sask. He left Pelly in 1924 and has been in the mining and trapping business in the north ever since. He and his wife Effie, are always prominent at the Trappers Festival.

Walter writes in part as follows: "We are still in the exploration business and hope to find several new mines up here yet.

"We are now well equipped for this experience and equipment, and use all the new methods such as magnetometer, EDM diamond drill and airoplane.

"The future looks very good here in the north and everyone very busy. We have quite a large program laid out for the summer.

Walter Johnson's optimism was well founded in the past, and, it is hoped, is equally well founded for the future. —W. J. L.

THE MOUNTAIN

AN ALLEGORY

(From the Icelandic of Björn Austræni, translated by Bogi Bjarnason)

A high mountain reared its peak into the sky, and loomed, bleak and ominous, above the sea.

At its foot was a narrow strip of sward, lush with nourishing grass, a number of farmsteads subsisting on its vegetation, which provided both meat and raiment. Those who peopled this strip made the most of what it provided, lived simply and peaceably, seeking no adventures. Their horizon was bounded by the top of the mountain and the curve of the sea, and these were the boundaries of their world.

The mountain was so precipitous that only the birds of the air knew its crest, a mass of rock where caverns purportedly sheltered a race of beings inimical to humankind. The people of the strand sought no traffic with the beings of the mountain, and left them to their own devices. It was common knowledge that they resented interference in their affairs, and showed their displeasure by instigating dire calamities. Indeed, a few hundred years ago some adventurous one among the strand people had scaled the mountain and peeped in on the inhabitants of the crest, who then, to show their displeasure had sent a tremendous boulder hurtling down the mountain-side, so for a long time no one essayed to repeat the climb, lest further calamities ensue.

Immediately below the rocky pinnacle of the mountain a broad shelf, higher at the seaward edge, carried a forest of trees whose fragrance wafted down to the strand when the wind blew off the mountain. It was a matter of speculation what manner of fauna existed in its depths.

Buildings of the several steads along

the shore below the mountain were mostly of low construction so that their inhabitants were obliged to stoop to pass through their doorways. But one of these steads was more imposing than the rest, the home of the district chieftain. Its walls were of stone, its roof-beam of driftwood so huge that a grown man could barely span it. "No wind will carry it away, nor avalanche lay it low", said the chieftain. No other dangers came to mind. Its doorways were such that he could, despite his great height and girth, pass through them without stooping, to which he had never been accustomed. His neighbors (in a sense his subjects) were inured to it — to bowing before him and stooping in their own lowly doorways, accepting it as a part of their way of life. They bowed low even in their way of thinking, which was simple and malleable, and to the chieftain's liking. He did not approve of innovations, of disturbing the ordered flow, so placid and comfortable. So life on the strand maintained its even tenor, with scarce a ripple to denote an alien thought. All alike deferred to the wishes of the chieftain; he was their mentor and his counsel was their law, accepted with scarce a question. Thus time and the seasons flowed by on the strand below the mountain, and year followed year in peace and orderly succession.

But all things, save time alone, come to an end. And so it was with the placid existence of dwellers on the strand.

A widow of low estate and her young son occupied a hut near the stead of the chieftain. Their life was difficult and one of unremitting toil and

penury. But if poor she was uncomplaining, for her son grew apace, with promise and comeliness.

But early in his life the lad showed evidences of independence in his thinking. He asked the questions other children asked, but different from them in that he did not always or necessarily accept the answers he received as final. He even asked questions about the mountain, so near yet so remote, and the answers he received did not satisfy him. Often he sat and stared at it, regarding its brooding majesty and the mysteries of those far heights, challenging if impenetrable. There came the time that he essayed a faltering step above its foot, and as he grew older and strength came to his legs he clambered even higher and with more confidence.

At first his fellows of the strand gave it no heed. But when he spoke to them of having approached the shelf and the edge of the forest, heard the murmur of its branches and other sounds from its depths, the people crossed themselves and bade him say no more. The mountain was sacrosanct. They would not even hear about it.

The chieftain had two children, a boy and girl, of an age like that of the widow's son, with whom he often played, and always harmoniously. He told them about the various things he had seen and heard on his sorties up the mountainside—the sough of the wind in the forest and the strange noises from its depths. At first they were afraid, but their curiosity overcame this, and their interest increased. When their father the chieftain learned about this he was incensed and strictly forbade them to have further contact with the widow's son, and for a while they bowed to his will.

But in time they resumed the former association, but only clandestinely, in

the dusk of evening. And so great was their interest in the mysteries of the mountain, that each day dragged towards the evening tryst when the widow's son would recount to them his adventures of the day's climb. Their imagination stirred, and they dreamt of far realms and wonders beyond their ken, out of reach but no less desirable to explore.

Came the time that the two children of the chieftain accompanied the widow's son part way up the mountainside, only to be apprehended by one of their father's men, who brought all three before his chief. It went hard with them then, for the chieftain was not one to brook disobedience of his explicit orders. The punishment was dire, if condign, the whip in his hand taking cruel toll of juvenile derma. At its termination he addressed the culprit, the widow's son, apprising him that the heights of the mountain were out of bounds and not to be disturbed lest he bring calamities to the strand. If he persisted in further exploration he would be incarcerated in the Stone Church, a keep of formidable reputation, dark and cold, where malefactors were detained on the rare occasions that peace on the strand was disturbed.

With that the widow's son was released, with warnings ringing in his ears, if not in his heart. He could not forget the forest, its murmurs and its voices, now doubly alluring.

His mother was shocked by his appearance after the castigation at the hands of the chieftain, and tearfully pleaded with him to desist from further prying into the secrets of the mountain. But the lad was inconsolable. His plea, the mountain was a magnet that irresistibly drew him to its bosom. And the mother, sensing his plight, embraced him, thus transmitting her

(Continued on Page 32)

The Music Selection

The innovation in our last issue in publishing an Icelandic poem, set to music by an Icclander and translated into English, preferably by an Icclander, has proved very popular—one could say that it has received general acclaim.

The selection this time is Vögguljóð, by Johann Magnus Bjarnason, set to music by John Fridfinnson and translated by Paul Bjarnason.

Johann Magnus Bjarnason is the leading fiction writer, writing in Icelandic, whom the Icclanders of America have produced. His best known novels are Eiríkur Hansson, the locale of which is Nova Scotia, where Magnus lived for a short while before coming out west, and Braziliufararnir, The Adventurers in Brazil. But Magnus Bjarnason was also a poet, and wrote some touching lyrics such as the one selected.

John Fridfinnson may be said to be the second composer of music among our people in the West; in fact his first instructions were received from Gunnsteinn Eyjolfsson to whom he sent his earliest compositions for constructive review.

John was born in Iceland in 1865 and migrated with his parents to Canada in 1876. They settled in what was then New Iceland and John was one of those who survived the small pox epidemic that ravaged the district the following year. The family moved back to Winnipeg a few years later and at the age of twenty John homesteaded in the Argyle district. There he

married Anna Johnson, and in 1905 he moved with his family to Winnipeg. He died in 1931.

Tólf Sönglög, Twelve Songs, by John Fridfinnson, were published in Reykjavík in 1904 and in 1921 John published a book of songs called Ljósálfar, Elfin Beams, which contained most of his best known compositions. It has been estimated that John Fridfinnson composed well over fifty songs and in addition some orchestral music. His son, Fred, who, incidentally, inherited some of his fathers musical ability, has a few of his unpublished works, some of which this magazine hopes to publish. He also has a few individual selections in sheet music form which he would be glad to loan or even present to persons interested.

Paul Bjarnason needs no introduction to readers of The Icelandic Canadian. Suffice to say that in the October-December 1956 issue of Eimreiðin, acknowledged to be the leading periodical published in Iceland, there is a deservedly laudatory article by Indriði Indriðason of the staff of Eimreiðin, on the literary work of Paul Bjarnason as a poet and a translator. There is due emphasis on his equal facility in translating from Icelandic to English and English to Icelandic.

The translation of the three verses and the two original verses not in the music text itself follow.

As Vögguljóð is so popular it was felt that the music, arranged for a quartette, should follow the solo and piano texts.

Vögguljóð.

Largo e dolente.

Jón Friðfinnsson.

Sólo.

Piano.

1. Sof þú, barn mitt, sætt þig

drey - i, svíf - i engl - ar kring um þig, sál þín

öll - - um sorg - um gleym - i, sof þú, elsk - - an, fyr - - ir mig.

poco a poco dim.

p espressivo

Sof þú, sof þú, blund - ur blíð - ur bros - and - i að þjer rjett - i

p espressivo

f

hönd. Engl - a á vængj - um önd þín lið - ur inn á sól - rik

f

rit.

draum - a - lönd.

p rit. *p a tempo* *pp dim.*

Svaf jeg vært á sveifli mjúkum,
 svaf jeg vært á mjúkum dún,
 harmur leið úr huga sjúkum,
 hulins var mjer lesin rún.
 Klukkur draumlands heyrði' eg hringja,
 hjartað styrktist við hvert slag,
 heyrði jeg raddir sætar syngja,
 sungu englar himneskt lag.

Svefns á vængjum sveif jeg þýðum,
 sveif jeg inn á draumalönd,
 batt mjer krans úr blómum fríðum
 björt og lipur kerúbs hönd.
 Unaðsljóð mjer englar sungu,
 allt um kring var ljómi skær,
 bjó mjer þá von í brjósti ungu,
 bar mig portum himins nær.

J. Magnús Bjarnason

Vögguljóð.

Largo e dolente.

Jón Friðfinnsson.

mf

Blandaðar

raddir.

Sof þú, barn mitt, sætt þig dreyms í, svíf í engli - ar

kríng um þig. Sál þín öll - um sorg - um gleym - i,

p

p con espressione

sof þú, elsk - an, fyr - ir mig. Sof þú, sof þú, blund - ur

f

poco cresc.

blíð - ur Engl - a á vængj - um

bros - and - i að þjer rjett - i hönd. Engl - a á

p

rit.

önd þín lið - ur inn á sól - rík draum - a - lönd.

vængj - um, engli - a á vængj - um lið - ur inn á draum - a - lönd.

J. M. B.

CRADLE SONG

by J. MAGNUS BJARNASON

Translated by PAUL BJARNASON

Rest my son; be sweet thy dreaming.
Sorrows of the day are through.
Light of step, with lovelight beaming,
Lady Sleep will come to you.
Sitting by your silken pillow
She will take you by the hand
And go riding on a billow
In your dream to Fairyland.

I have lain on lovely bedding,
Lain on pillows filled with down,
All my daily sorrows shedding,
Seen the pathways to renown.
I have heard the harebells ringing
Happy chimes in Wonderland
And a chorus sweetly singing
Symphonies from Heaven's band.

Roaming in my dreams for hours
As a guest in Wonderland,
With a crown of flaming flowers
Fashioned by a cherub's hand,
I have heard the angels singing
Odes of love in realms ashine,
Songs that to my soul were bringing
Scenes anear The Gates divine.

(Continued from Page 26)

understanding and acceptance if not endorsement of his further exploits. Her sympathy lent wings to his drooping spirits and strength to his resolve.

So the lad continued to scale the mountain, but kept to himself what he learned of its secrets, for fear of the Stone Church, the only thing he dreaded. His progress was difficult, for the higher reaches were steep and treacherous. But in his persistence he prevailed, in time overcoming all hinderances and attaining the flat shelf of the forest, directly under the craggy top. Immediately before him was the mysterious forest, and the lad paused on its threshold, moved and humble.

And now voices came to him out of the forest, speech as well as murmurs. They were of many shades—harmonious, dissonant, accusative; dreamy and restful, others harsh and strident. And through them he detected the *leit motiv*, the soft murmur of the breeze, a sighing as of a celestial choir, filling his heart with a delightful response to its cadence. It entranced him with a mass appeal, as if this were the thing he had sought, and found.

For a while—a moment or a millennium—he stood and listened. Then he rushed, spent as he was after the arduous climb, in among the trees. Tangled undergrowth hindered his progress, but he struggled on, heeding only the siren voices, which gradually sharpened until he could distinguish words. And on the branches hung luscious fruits, of many shapes and colors, which seemed to him to say "Take me and eat, and be sated." But when the famished youth reached forth his hand, another voice, soft and sweet, warned him saying, "Take care, young man; there is poison at the core." Famished as he was, he withheld his hand. "Surely the forest will yield me bread and water for a parched

throat." "Yes," said a sweet voice, "the forest will provide; follow me." "No, no, follow me," came voices from other quarters, all sweet and alluring, with an accompaniment of a pastorelle by the sylvan orchestra. The pendant fruits, golden and luscious, dangled invitingly before the bewildered youth. He felt the breath of the forest on his verdant cheek, its heartbeat audible. But the one sweet voice to which he had first hearkened prevailed, and he felt as if he were led by the hand as he homed on its call for a long long way, while siren voices all about sought to divert him. He was also conscious of the calls of animals, near and far, but he neither saw nor feared them, but kept on his way.

At long last, and far spent, he came upon a spring of sparkling water. As he lay prone and drank, he felt the resurgence of strength and vigor in every nerve and muscle, and he arose with the gleam of well-being in his eye, his heart afire with the joy of living. And all about this spring grew fruit on which he satisfied his hunger, and now no voice warned him against them. And to this feast the birds of the forest lent their sweetest song, and he and the world about him were at one in contentment and harmony.

Then it came to him that he was a long way from home, and he made ready to retrace his steps. But now he had lost direction and knew not which way to turn. Yet he struck out, confident in the vigor that throbbed in his veins, and soon he detected the one sweet and friendly voice directing him, while a multitude of other voices sought to turn and detain him. Presently he gained the edge of the forest at the lip of the shelf looking down on the strand.

The youth paused to gaze out over the sea, the wide illimitable sea, which

washed countless strands, and on the horizon he saw a glittering land, bright in the sun and bright with the promise of adventure.

Then came thoughts of his mother, alone in her wretched hovel, and he made haste down the hillside, but lighter of heart as he was quicker of step than ever before in his young life.

Time and the seasons passed and the youth grew in strength and stature as he continued to explore the forest. Now he knew his way about in it, and could go whither he pleased. And now its myriad voices had become familiar, so that he could distinguish between them, heeding only those that led him safely over the difficulties, refusing to have trade with those that sought to lead him astray or to turn about. He learned as well about the animals in its recesses and the birds in its trees, no longer fearing but making friends with them, and in the process gaining much in the coin of wisdom and understanding.

But his fellows of the strand looked askance at him, some with marked disapproval, but noting, too, if reluctantly, that he excelled them in strength and comeliness and the grace of young manhood. He talked little about his journeys up the mountain—the Stone Church was still standing.

The years came and went, and his mother died. His sorrow was poignant, for he had dearly loved her. In time he resumed his visits to the forest, each of longer duration than the last one.

And now he discovered that a fault had opened parallel with the lip of the shelf, between it and the edge of the wood. In time rain and frost would extend and widen the crack, loosing the immense mass of earth and rock to slide in a dreadful avalanche upon the strand below.

He tried, but timidly, to apprise his neighbors of this danger. But when this came to the ears of the chieftain his ire was roused and he forbade mention of it, threatening incarceration in Stone Church for anyone defying this edict. His word was law, the matter was hushed up and shortly forgotten.

The chieftain's two children were now grown to man—and womanhood, yet they continued to meet with their friend the youth only clandestinely, but less often than formerly.

On one of his trips up the mountain the youth saw that the fault had greatly widened and that a breakaway of the jutting lip was imminent. He made haste down the mountainside to warn his neighbors that their very lives were in jeopardy. But they would have none of such idiocy and hooted him for his pains, threatening to stone him.

He then sought out the son and daughter of the chieftain, imploring them to accompany him to the forest. They eventually acceded, if reluctantly and fearful of its consequences. No sooner had the three reached the edge of the forest than the avalanche was loosed and sent hurtling down upon the strand, crushing and burying everything in its path, including the stead of the chieftain and the Stone Church. They stood and stared at the devastation before them, shaken with its immensity and its awful meaning.

And when the rumble of the avalanche had subsided they heard the murmur of the forest, mysterious, alluring.

"This," said the son and daughter of the chieftain, "is the wingbeat of evil spirits. Thus would our betters of the strand have spoken."

"No", said the youth, embracing them. "It is the suspiration of life itself."

Young Veterinarian Born at Gimli, Popular Doctor in United States

(Based on an article in the Marshalltown-Times Republic February 13, 1957)



Dr. Johann V. Johnson

Johann V. Johnson, veterinary surgeon, graduate of the University of Toronto 1952, moved to Marshalltown, Iowa, in 1955. He took over the Thiele Animal Hospital, from its founder Dr. M. I. Thiele. This hospital has every modern medical facility for treating animals. The owners bring their pets at any time during the day or night. Dr. Johnson treats dogs, cats, monkeys, squirrels, skunks and parakeets. He has operated on three parakeets for breast tumors or cancers. A parakeet, not much larger than a hummingbird, needs careful attention both during and after such an operation. One dog owner, whose canine hunting companion was shot in the leg, believes that the doctor and the care provided (leg cast and ten day treatment) has saved the dog's life. Last February Dr. Johnson and his assistant delivered five little Boston Bulldog puppies by Caesarean section. Late that same day, the mother and all five youngsters were on their way home in perfect

health. One of the most delicate operations, that of taking out a foreign body from an intestine, removing a portion of the destroyed organ, and closing it up again, has been performed by Dr. Johnson and his assistant.

Dr. Johnson says: "We don't care what kind of dog or animal it is or how much it cost, we are primarily interested in its health and welfare". His assistant, Mr. Bernard Mapes, who has an affinity for all kinds of animals, echoes the doctor's statement.

Most dog-owners bring their puppies to the hospital for a series of shots and treatment that last until the dog is six months old. After that the pets should remain free of those diseases which generally threaten their health. The hospital office manager keeps a complete file on all patients, just as in any other hospital, and when treatments are due, owners are notified. Dr. Johnson advises that quality of pet food is most important and cautions pet owners not to overfeed. He also says that dog's teeth form tartar deposits just like those of human beings, that they have bad gums and can be treated just like people. Eye trouble in pets can also be treated, and he does simple treatments himself, although he does not perform eye operations.

Dr. Johann V. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, well-known, and highly respected couple, who farmed for many years at Birkinnes, near Gimli where Dr. Johnson was born. His natural love of animals combined with keen interest in medicine led him to enter the veterinary field, and graduated from the University of Toronto.

Kristin Thorsteinsson,
Gimli, Man.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Although we get many letters of appreciation, as well as favorable personal comments, from readers of the magazine, it has been impossible to find space to publish even extracts from these letters. We always have material on hand which has to wait and we deem it unfair to the writers to crowd in letters of appreciation ahead of the articles, poetry and translations they send in. But the editorial staff desires to express openly how much these letters and comments are appreciated. They are a definite encouragement to our efforts.

But once in a while a letter comes in that breaks the ground. We are publishing in full a letter received from a French-Canadian. He asks for pen-pals and it is to be hoped that he will get a response both from Iceland and here. Many young people of Icelandic descent in this country have considerable knowledge of Iceland and its people, and being of the same national origin, are able to describe Icelandic humanitarian ideals. The letter follows.

May 6, 1957

% Canada Catering Co.
Lynn Lake, Manitoba.

The Editor,

The Icelandic Canadian,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

Re.: To whom it may concern.

The December 1956 issue of your magazine, drew my eye and interest in

one of the reading rooms of the mining camp, here. Going over it thoroughly my mind was travelling to Iceland, in the hope of making a few pen-pals, preferably with young men.

Therefore I come to you, to seek how to go about this matter.

I'm French-Canadian, 23 years of age, born in Northern Ontario, speak, write and read the language fluently. Later on at 15, moved to Toronto where I attended St. Michael High School. Since then for a couple of years I've been travelling, hitch-hiking and working in Quebec, Western Canada, N. W. Territories and Northern Manitoba. My interests are reading, listening to Classical music, some light operas, writing letters, stamp collecting, church activities and helping others within my means.

Sports have its place, for I'm quite fond of table-tennis, tennis, boating, hiking, observing nature.

My purpose in contacting a few Icelanders is to exchange opinions on humanitarian ideals and learn more about their people and traditions.

Along with this letter, you will find a \$1.50 cheque for the 1957 issue of your magazine.

Thanking you a thousand times in advance for your help in this matter, I am

Sincerely yours

Marcel Gauthier

IN THE NEWS

REPRESENTED ICELAND AT M.U.N.A.

Winnipeg's first Model United Nations Assembly, largest of its kind ever held in Canada, was held in the Auditorium of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute in April last.

More than 160 high school students "representing" 180 Member countries



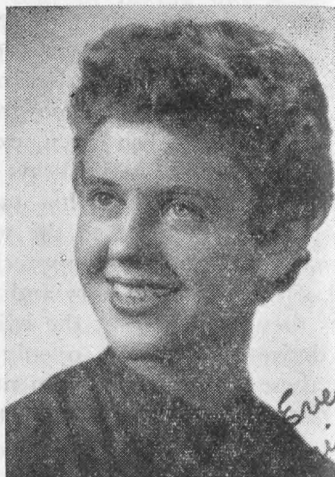
Virginia Svien

of the United Nations gathered to discuss issues placed before the Assembly and such items as the formation of a United Nations emergency force, the use of atomic weapons and the control of the Suez Canal.

The Assembly was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the United Nations Association.

Iceland was represented by two high school students from Fosston, Minnesota, Virginia Svien and Elaine Ose.

Picked five months previously by



Elaine Ose

Rotary Clubs in their respective areas, the students gathered information on their countries in libraries, magazines, newspapers and literature obtained from embassies in Canada and the United States. Judge Walter J. Lindal and Mr. Donald C. Bryden, Assistant General Manager of the City Hydro, gave valuable assistance to the "Delegates from Iceland."

★

HONORS STUDENT

Norman Anderson, a senior student majoring in business administration and accounting at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, was one of 289 students honored for high grade point averages earned during the 1956 fall semester. He is a member of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity.

Norman is the son of Eivi S. Anderson and the late Mrs. Anderson of 1400 Washington Avenue, Wilmette, Ill.

APPOINTED FISHERMEN'S REPRESENTATIVE



Helgi K. Tomasson

Mr. Helgi K. Tomasson of Hecla Island has been appointed Manitoba's first fishermen's representative.

The 40-year old appointee will be the fisheries counterpart of the provincial agricultural representatives. The appointment was announced on May 13th., last by the Hon. F. C. Bell, Minister of Mines and Natural Resources.

Mr. Tomasson, son of Sigthora and the late Kristjan Tomasson, was born and raised on Hecla Island and is a third-generation fisherman on Lake Winnipeg. His grandfather in 1876 was one of the first Icelandic fishermen to work on the lake.

He will act as a liaison officer between fishermen and the provincial government, and represent fishermen in negotiations with fish companies. He will help to establish improved methods of Commercial fishing, to instruct fishermen in the use of modern gear and equipment, and to demonstrate modern methods of marketing.

He will also work with the provincial fisheries biologists and with experts of the fisheries branch.

Mr. Tomasson married Dorothy Clifford. They have two sons and two daughters, 11 to 16 years of age.

★

PROMINENT TELEVISION SCRIPT WRITER

George Salverson, formerly on the staff of radio station CKRC came back to Winnipeg early in May for a visit from Toronto after eight years. He has become nationally prominent as a television script writer.

Mr. Salverson has been a free lance writer since he left Winnipeg. He has been working mostly for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the National Film Board.

He wrote the T. V. drama "The Discoverers" dealing with the discovery of Insulin by Dr. Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, for which he has been given awards both in Canada and the United States. Announcement of the latter, known as the "Christopher Medallion" by Kraft Theatre, was made just recently.

Mr. Salverson also visited Vancouver, B. C., for the purpose of getting further material for the "Perspective" series of films for the CBC.

For literary inspiration, Mr. Salverson has no further to look than to his mother, who under the name of Laura Goodman Salverson wrote a number of novels in the 1920s and 30s. For these she received a number of awards, including two from the Governor-General and a medal from the French Institute of Arts and Letters. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Salverson Senior, lived in Winnipeg but have now moved to Toronto.

Mr. Salverson's wife, Sandra Scott of TV, and radio fame accompanied her husband.

DALMAN NAMED TO POST**Dr. Conrad Dalman**

Dr. Conrad Dalman of the Sperry Gyroscope Co., in Great Neck, N. Y., has been named a professor of electrical engineering at Cornell.

Professor Dalman will teach courses and conduct research in his special field of electron tubes and associated circuitry.

After receiving a bachelors degree in electrical engineering in 1940 at the City College of New York, Dalman was associated successively with the R.C.A. Victor Division and Bell Telephone Laboratories, working chiefly on developing electronic tubes.

He received Master's and Doctor's degrees at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn in 1947 and has since then been with Sperry Gyroscope.

His work there has been on microwave tubes and on oscillator studies. Since 1954, he has been engineering section head in the Company's tube department. He has also taught evening courses at C.C.N.Y. and Brooklyn Polytech.

Dalman was born in Winnipeg and is a U.S. citizen. He is the son of the

well known musician Conrad Dalman and his wife Valgerdur Þorsteinsdóttir who moved to New York several years ago. His paternal grandmother was the late Karolina Dalman of Winnipeg. Professor Dalman is married and has three children.

★

DR. BECK HEADS SCANDINAVIAN STUDY SOCIETY

At the annual meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study held in Chicago on May 3-4, **Dr. Richard Beck** was elected president. The election was by mail ballot of the membership of the Society in the United States and Canada and was announced at the closing session of the two-day convention.

This is the third time Dr. Beck has headed the Society, and he has served on the Advisory Committee. The Society publishes a quarterly called *Scandinavian Studies* and Dr. Beck has served for many years on the editorial board of that publication.

Scandinavian Studies is a publication maintained at a high cultural level and, as the title indicates, is devoted to studies of the Scandinavian languages, particularly old Norse in its many dialects. For instance, in the February 1957 issue there is an article on the word "rune" by Terence H. Wilbur of the University of California.

★

PEAK SCOUTING HONOURS WON BY WYNYARD BOYS

This magazine is indebted to Mrs. Esther (Gudjonson) Wellington of Oakville, Ontario, for pointing out that William Johnson of Cornwall, Ontario, was not the first Canadian of Icelandic descent to be presented with the Queen's Scout Badge, as reported in the last issue of the magazine in a

news item based upon information received by a relative of William Johnson. It is with pride that the magazine is able to report on the information of Mrs. Wellington, that at Regina in 1955 The Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada presented her brother Armand Gudjonson and another Wynyard boy, Norman Johnson with the Queen's Scout Badge, acknowledged to be the peak Scouting achievement.

Norman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Johnson of Wynyard, Sask., and Armand is the son of Pearl (nee Bardal) and the late Alfred Guðjónson of Wynyard.

If there are others the magazine would like to get their names and addresses and if possible, parents names.

★

WINS AWARD FOR COMMUNITY SERVICE



Mrs. William Cook

Mrs. William Cook was recently presented with a Distinguished Citizenship Award by the St. James Chamber of Commerce.

This honour was in recognition of

her outstanding leadership and conscientious work in all Welfare organizations of her community.

Mrs. Cook (Fanny) is the daughter of the late Reverend Magnús and Valgerður Skaptason — a Unitarian pastor during the early pioneer days.

★

WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB PRESIDENT



Miss Caroline Gunnarson

Miss Caroline Gunnarson was elected president of the Winnipeg Branch Canadian Women's Press Club at the annual meeting in May last.

Daughter of the late Gróa and Gunnar Gunnarson of Churchbridge, Saskatchewan, Caroline has become well known as a writer. Her stories and poems have appeared in various publications including this magazine.

As a member of the CWAC in Ottawa during the last three years of World War II, Miss Gunnarson was the editor of The Canadian Women

Army Corp Newsletter. After the war, she became news editor of the Shaunavon Standard in Saskatchewan and for the past five years has been the Women's editor of the Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer.

★

MANITOBA MUSICAL FESTIVAL



Lynn Olson

Winners in the recent Manitoba Festival were: Lynn Olson, Tom Johnson and Terry Arnason.

Lynn Olson, a 14-year old St. Vital pianist, who performed Haydn's Theme and Variations in C Major with "eloquent tone", was awarded the Manitoba Music Teacher's Association Trophy. She gave what the adjudicators termed a "very charming performance—that which drew great character".

A grade nine student at Nelson McIntyre School and grade eight in Music with her piano teacher Mrs. Walter Luck, Lynn had previously won the Junior Bach and Junior Sonata classes.

Lynn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Olson and granddaughter of the late Gudrun and Bjorn B. Olson, pioneers of Gimli. Maternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Markussen, Gimli, formerly of Arnes, Man.

Tom Johnson was the winner of the Junior Sacred Solo Class with 80 marks. He was lauded by the adjudicator with these words: "Tom's voice has a lovely quality and is musically accurate. This was the real thing. I salute him for a breath of spring!"

Terry Arnason with grand total of 335 marks was one of the finalists in the Baritone Solo, Grade A Class. Test piece was Vagabond Song by Michael Head. "I like Mr. Arnason's singing enormously", the adjudicator said. "He was accurate and showed a fine appreciation of words. He has plenty of vocal reserve and can trot out a phrase with a lot behind it. This young man has a real flair for singing."

Terry is the son of Anganty (Terry) and Patricia (Irwin) Arnason formerly of Winnipeg.

★

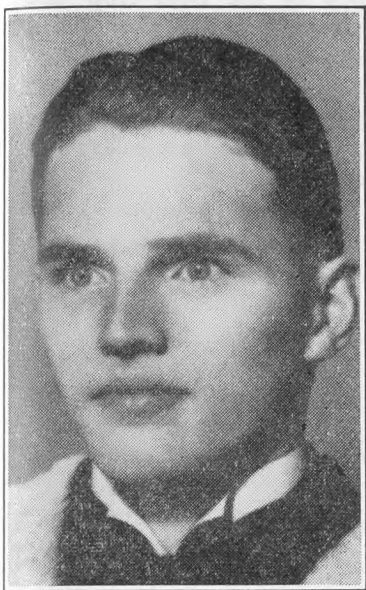
FORMER MANITOBBAN GETS ICELAND JOB

The External Affairs Dept. at Ottawa has announced that **Hallgrímur E. Hallgrímsson**, 51, a Canadian born citizen of Iceland has been named Canada's honorary Consul-General in that country. He will take over responsibility for Canadian Consular interests in Iceland.

Mr. Hallgrímsson was born at Grund, Glenboro, Manitoba. The son of the Reverend Friðrik Hallgrímsson, former clergyman of the Lutheran Parish of Grund, Brú and Baldur.

The Reverend F. Hallgrímsson moved his family to Iceland in 1925 and later became dean of the Cathedral in Reykjavík.

PROF. A. J. THORSTEINSON ATTENDS SCIENCE MEET



Prof. A. J. Thorsteinson, chairman of the department of entomology at the University of Manitoba, this spring attended a symposium of European scientists on plant and insect relations held at Wageningen, Holland.

Overseas for a five-week period Professor Thorsteinson spent a week in England prior to going to Holland where he toured various laboratories in addition to attending the Wageningen meeting.

Following his Netherlands sojourn he visited Paris and on his return to London attended a meeting of the Royal Entomological Society of which he is a Fellow. He returned to Winnipeg in early June.

Professor Thorsteinson graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1941 and, enlisting in the Canadian Active Army, went overseas where he served till the cessation of hostilities. Prior to returning to Canada he at-

tended Imperial College, University of London on a British Council scholarship and was awarded a Ph.D. degree there in 1946. He was appointed to the staff of Manitoba University in 1948.

★

Björn Sveinbjörnsson of Reykjavik, Iceland, who last year obtained his master's degree in agriculture with honors at the University of Manitoba, toured the United States during the winter months to study most recent developments in agricultural practices and this summer is scheduled to return to Iceland to begin duties with the University of Iceland and the Icelandic government.

★

MRS. ERIC A. ISFELD TO PRESIDE AT MUSIC TEACHERS' CONVENTION

Mrs. Eric A Isfeld of Winnipeg, president of the Canadian Federation of Music Teachers' Associations, will preside at the 11th biennial convention of the Federation to be held at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, July 2 to 6.

A prominent music teacher, pianist, organist and choirmaster, Mrs. Isfeld will leave in late June to complete convention plans prior to the opening. Attending with her will be some 12 Manitoba representatives.

The Federation was founded in 1935 and then embraced music teachers associations in the four western provinces. Now included are associations in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as well and negotiations are underway to include Newfoundland.

★

ARNASON TO HEAD GENETICS SOCIETY

Dr. Thomas J. Arnason, professor of biology at the University of Saskatchewan was elected president of the

Genetics Society of Canada at the Society's recent annual meeting at Macdonald College, P.Q. At the meeting, geneticists reported on such diverse topics as male sterility in broccoli, premature adolescence in some Ontario families, inheritance of serum proteins in cattle and radiation effects on chromosomes.

Dr. Arni Pall, a brother of Thomas J., is Associate Head with Dr. H. L. Seamans of the field crop insect investigation unit in the division of Entomology in Ottawa.

Both brothers are Honors graduates in Science from the University of Saskatchewan and both are holders of Ph.D. degree.



BOOK REVIEWS

We Loved Them Once

by Ronda Rivers, p.p. 135,
New York, Vantage Press.

Heaven In My Heart,

by Ronda Rivers, p.p. 160,
New York, Vantage Press.

These are love stories, written in the romantic style much in vogue in Iceland and elsewhere early in the century. The characters are types representing various shades of black and white rather than individual persons and the plot inevitably recounts the early trials and eventual triumphs of the hero and heroine.

Much the better of the two books is *We Loved Them Once*, which makes up in charm and innocence what it lacks in depth and characterization. The language though at times stilted is otherwise faultless and reflects a sensitive and to all appearances an altogether sincere personality. *Heaven In My Heart* published two years later,

appears to be the earlier composition. It has many of the beginner's faults and is further marred by being a much too literal translation of a manuscript originally written in Icelandic. The locale is an Icelandic seaside village and the heroine, Helga, an unbelievably pure and beautiful girl who has to make a choice between her equally virtuous childhood sweetheart and the rich, spoiled and much travelled son of the local grocer. Helga unfortunately never emerges as a human being—she is just another Icelandic Blarney Beauty.

The author, Solveig Sveinsson, who writes under the pen name Ronda Rivers, was born in Iceland and brought up in a rural Manitoba settlement. She returned to Iceland where she was an actress and a writer of books. Later she moved to the United States, worked as a juvenile worker in Chicago and contributed short stories and feature articles to American newspapers. —H. Th.

GRADUATES



Josephine Erma Gislason

Josephine Erma Gislason, Geysir, Manitoba, received a scholarship of \$50.00 for being 3rd, in the Grade X Provincial Correspondence Course for 1956.

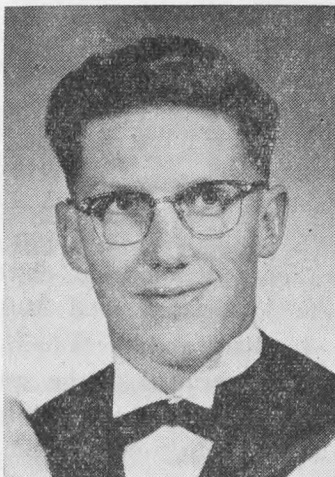
Josephine is the daughter of Joseph and Gudrun Gislason and granddaughter of Gudmundur and Sigrun Gislason and Eirikur and Steinun Bjarnason, all of the Geysir district.

★

Graduates of Winnipeg General Hospital — **Barbara Mira Einarson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Einarson, St. Vital, Manitoba. **Donna Mae Einarson**, daughter of Einar and Violet Einarson, Gimli, Man. **Ingibjorg Johanna Einarson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Einarson, Arnes, Man. **Catherine Joan Erickson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Erickson, Kenora, Ontario. **Anna Elizabeth** and **Wilma Evelyn Fraser**, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Great Falls, (Mrs. Fraser

was formerly Ragnheidur Thorsteinson). **Anna Kristín Hauksdóttir**, daughter of Ástríður Josepsdóttir and her late husband, Haukur Stefánsson, Akureyri, Iceland. **Beverley Ethel McGowan**, daughter of Mrs. Wm. LeGrange, Winnipeg (formerly Mabel Thorvaldson McGowan, Riverton, Manitoba.)

★



Marvin Tryggvi Louis Swanson

At the Graduation Exercises at the University of Manitoba in May last, **Marvin Tryggvi Louis Swanson**, graduated as Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering and was awarded the Lieutenant James Wallace Black Memorial Thesis Prize of \$50.00 (for the best graduation Thesis in fourth year Civil Engineering).

Marvin attended Elementary and High School at Riverton, Manitoba. He is 22 years of age—the son of Harry and Bertha (nee Johnson) Swanson, of Riverton, Man.



Sigurlina Agusta Narfason

At the 1957 graduation exercises of the Victoria General Hospital School of Nursing in May, **Sigurlina Agusta Narfason** graduated and won two awards—"for proficiency in obstetrics from the Victoria General Hospital Ladies Auxiliary and the administrator's award, presented to the student who best exemplifies the principles related to leadership, responsibility and social service".

Miss Narfason is the daughter of G. Erlendur and Gudrun (nee Isfeld) Narfason of Gimli, Man.

★

GRADUATES—UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Bachelor of Arts

Lynn Katherine Arnason, Saskatoon, with Distinction in Arts and Science and also winner of the Honours Bursary in Biology—daughter of Prof. Thomas J. Arnason.

Bachelor of Education

Vernhard Ragnar Josephson, Elfros, Saskatchewan.

Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering

David Gregory Eyolfson, Wynyard, Sask.

Bernard Dale Olafson, Eston, Sask.

Louis Espolin Torfason, Wadena, Sask.

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy

Donovan Carl Einarson, Dodsland, Sask.

Harald Sigurdur W. Mercer, Theodore, Sask.

Diploma in Agriculture

Stanley Joseph Austman, Kenaston, Sask.

Associate in Arts

Elaine Elizabeth Arnason, Regina, Sask.

Diploma in Nursing—Public Health

Marguerite Loraine Magnusson, Leslie, Sask.

The Bowman Brother's Prize in Agriculture Mechanics was won by **Frederick Henry Bjornson**, Elfros, Sask.

At the recent graduation exercises at St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon, **Miss Doreen Bjornsson** of Foam Lake, Sask., graduated and won the Medal for Gynecological Nursing.

★

GRADUATES—UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Björn Sigurbjörnsson, B.S.A.

Thesis: Cytological and Morphological *Bromus inermis* Leves.

Parents: Sigurbjörn Þorkelsson and frú Unnur Haraldsdóttir, Reykjavík, Iceland.

Daniel Peter Snidal, M.D. — Thesis: The Effect of Obstruction to Breathing on the Ventilatory Response to Carbon Dioxide.

Parents: Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Snidal, Winnipeg.

Richard Allan Johnson, B.Sc.

Thesis: Nonlinear Circuit Analysis.

Parents: Mrs. Johnson and the late Professor Skuli Johnson, Winnipeg.

Master of Education

Valdimar Hjalmar Larusson, B.A.,
son of Palmi Larusson, Winnipeg, —
formerly of Gimli, Manitoba.

Gloria Olive Sivertson, B.A. —

Parents: Maria and the late Peter Sivertson, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Pedagogy

Norma Olive Johnson, B.A. — Par-
ents: Mr. and Mrs. George E. Johnson,
Winnipeg.

Conrad Wilhelm Sigurdson, B.A. —
son of Mrs. Petur Sigurdur, Camp
Morton, Manitoba.

Doctor of Medicine

**Barry Gilbert Wyatt Arnason, Hon-
ors.** Parents: Dr. and Mrs. I Gilbert
Arnason, Winnipeg.

Bergthor Jens Bergman. — Parents:
the late Jon and Anna (Peturson) Berg-
man.

Daniel Halldor Johnson, B.Sc. —
Winner of General Practitioners As-
sociation Prize of \$150.00 for the most
distinguished record as interne (St.
Boniface Hospital). Son of Laufey and
the late Jonas G. Johnson, Winnipeg.

Harold Keith Stinson — Parents:
Harold and Aurora (Sigvaldason) Stin-
son, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Science in Medicine

Harold David Jonasson, M.D. —
Parents: John D. and Louise Jonasson,
Charleswood, Manitoba.

Ian Moore Morrow, M.D., — Par-
ents: The late Dr. James and Emma
(Johannesson) Morrow, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Laws

John Calvin Bjornsson, B.A. — Par-
ents: Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Bjornsson,
Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba.

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Civil)**

Marvin Tryggvi Louis Swanson, —
Parents: Harry and Bertha (Johnson)
Swanson, Riverton, Manitoba.

Junius Jacob Fridfinnsson — Parents:
Kristmundur N. S. and Jakobina
(Jakobsson) Fridfinnsson, Arborg,
Man.

Paul Nevers Bardal — Parents: Olaf-
ur and Nina (Nevers) Bardal

Kenneth Steingrimur Jonson — Par-
ents: Sigurgeir and Gudny, (Solmund-
son) Jonsson, Hecla, Manitoba.

(Electrical)

Donald Kenneth Johnson — Parents:
Fjola (Kristjansson) Johnson and the
late Paul Johnson, formerly of Lun-
dar, Manitoba.

William Donald Johnson

(Mechanical)

William Ingimar Crow — Parents:
William and Kristjana (Ingaldson)
Crow, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Science (Honors Course)

Solberg Einar Sigurdson — Parents:
Stefan V. and Runa (Einarson) Sigurd-
son, Riverton, Manitoba.

(General Course)

Theodore David Einarson

Kenneth Vilhelm Paulson — Parents:
Mrs. Bjorg (Bjornsson) Paulson and
the late Paul Paulson.

Anne Melaine Petursson.

(Commerce)

John Edvald Sigurjonsson — Par-
ents: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sigurjons-
son, Melita, Manitoba.

Agriculture

Wilfred Leonard Arnason — Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Gudjon Arnason, Gimli, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Arts

Barbara Joan May, Parents: J. T. V. and Ethel (Bergman) May, Granddaughter of Emily Bergman and the late Mr. Justice H. A. Bergman.

Lorraine Anne Benson.

Alice Lillian Erickson.

George Morton Goodman.

Andrea Kathleen Sigurjonsson, — Parents: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sigurjonsson, Melita, Manitoba.

Conrad Vilhelm Sigurdson.

Agriculture Diploma

Warren Lyngard Sigurdson.
Diploma in Dairying

George Sigurdur Hibbert.

Peter Donald Martin

Bachelor of Science in Home Economics

Margaret Alice Paine — Parents: D. and Theodis (Marteinsson) Paine, Ninette, Manitoba.

★

GRADUATES—UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**Engineering (Mechanical)**

Thorsteinn Magnus Eyolfson, Prince Rupert, B. C.

Doctor of Medicine

John Murray Fredrickson, B.A., — son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fredrickson, of Vancouver, B. C.

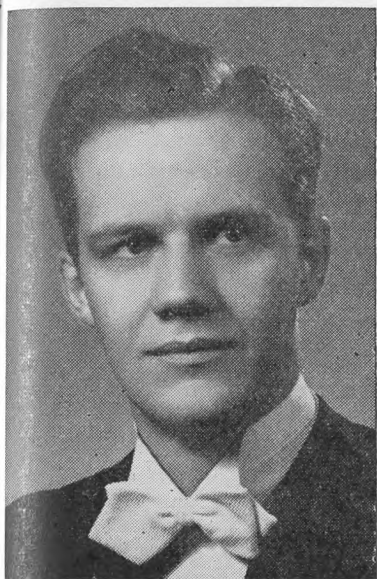
HOMESTEADERS

by **ELMA HELGASON**

A wee log cabin, set beside the trees;
A crooked rail fence, made to hold the cow;
A toddling child, to tan, in sun and breeze,
And follow up the furrows of the plow.

A patch of grain—the pride of eager hearts;
Some baby chicks to peep about the door;
In simple style, the little homestead starts,
The wilderness unconquered, lies before.

A wagon trail, that winds the valley down,
Long hours of sun, where weary horses plod;
Here humble folk, with no wide world renown,
Keep kindly faith with mankind, and with God.

ANNUAL MEETING OF
THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

Dr. Gestur Kristjansson

At the annual meeting of The Icelandic Canadian Club, held on May 27, last Dr. Gestur Kristjansson was elected President for the coming year. The retiring President, Miss Mattie Halldorson, who had filled the office with distinction, asked to be relieved of her responsibilities. In her report Miss Halldorson emphasized the success of the two main functions of the club, the Banquet and Dance in January and the Concert in February. Both had been well attended. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Helgi Olsen, showed that the finances of the Club were in a sound condition. The Secretary, Miss S. Eydal, read a report setting out the main activities of the club during the year. The slate of officers is as follows:

President, Dr. Gestur Kristjansson
Vice-President, H. J. Stefansson
Secretary, Miss Stefania Eydal
Treasurer, Helgi Olsen,
Corr. Sec., Miss Steinunn Bjarnason

Publicity, Mrs. Lottie Vopnfjord
Social Convenor, Mrs. Marion Johnson
Past Pres., Miss Mattie Halldorson
Chairman of Mag. Board, W. J. Lindal.
Members at Large: Mrs. Lara B. Sigurdson, Mrs. H. D. Danielson, Mrs. H. Olsen, J. T. Beck.

Judge W. J. Lindal, the Chairman of the Magazine Committee read a report showing progress in the programme of extension laid down four years ago. He was pleased to report that all members of the Magazine Committee had agreed to continue their services on the Committee. The Business and Circulation Mgr. H. F. Danielson, read a report showing a substantial balance on hand in the treasury.

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VIKING LUTHER LEAGUE

At a meeting held in The First Lutheran Church on Friday, May 24th, a synodical Luther League was organized. It was named "The Viking Luther League of the Icelandic Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the United Lutheran Church of America.

Conducted by Mrs. Elizabeth Bjarnason of Langruth, Manitoba, the meeting was attended by delegates from Mountain, N. Dak., Arborg, Hnausa, Gimli, Riverton, Hecla, Langruth, Winnipeg and St. James.

The first Convention will be held at the Sunrise Lutheran Camp, Husavik, Man., Aug. 31-Sept. 2nd.

Members of the Executive are:
President: Dennis Eyolfson, Winnipeg,
V.-Pres.: Paula Gestson, Gardar, N. D.
Secretary: Gladys Eastman, Riverton.
Treasurer: Harold Bjarnason, Gimli.
Pastor Advisor: Pastor O. Jack Larson, Arborg, Manitoba.

Delegates chosen to represent the League at the Synod Convention at Mountain, N. Dak., in June, are Paula Gestson, Gardar, N. Dak., and Hedy Johnson, Arborg.

SASKATCHEWAN RIVER

by ELMA HELGASON

Muddy Saskatchewan, rumbling and roaring,
Mighty the glaciers that gave you a birth;
Down from the mountains, thy waters come pouring,
Gathering silt, as they course through the earth.

On through the foothills, where bison unnumbered,
Blackened the hills in the long, long ago.
Down by thy banks, there, the red men have slumbered,
Safe in their teepees, set row upon row.

Sing O Saskatchewan! sing of the mountains!
Sing of the foothills, so wide and so free!
Sing of the Bighorn, that drinks at thy fountains,
Sing for the red man, a sad litany.

Down through the plains, now, where red men lie sleeping
'Neath where the grain fields shine gold in the sun;
In thy refrain, could it be, there is weeping?
Sighing for love of a race that is gone?

Sing O, Saskatchewan! down through the prairies,
Cease now thy tumult, the way is so long;
Many a heart will be touched as it tarries,
Seeking to fathom the depths of thy song.

Sing of the commerce that came to thy portals,
Cities that shine, like the stars in the night;
Progress amazing to even us mortals,
Knowledge increasing, with time, in its flight.

Sing on thy way then, Saskatchewan river,
Sing to the world, the song of the west;
Sing of the great hearts, whose deeds live forever,
May that song ever be happy and blest!

BETEL DEDICATED

The new building of Betel, the Old Folks Home at Gimli, Manitoba, had its Official Opening and Dedication Service on June 2nd, last.

President of the Board of Trustees, the Reverend Sigurdur Olafson conducted the service, assisted by the Gimli Lutheran Church Choir. Mrs. Clifford Stevens was organist and choir director.

The service opened with an organ prelude by Mrs. Stevens, hymns and responsive reading by the Congregation, followed by the reading of the first lesson Mat. 25:34-35 by the Rev. John Fullmer, pastor of the Gimli Parish and the second lesson 1 Cor. 13:1-13 by the Reverend Eric Sigmar, secretary to the Synod. Pastor Sigmar had a vocal solo, "Bless This House."

The Sermon "The Motivating Power" was delivered by the Reverend

Valdimar J. Eylands D.D., President of the Icelandic Synod. Following the Act of Dedication and closing prayers, greetings were brought by Mr. Barney Egilson, the Mayor of Gimli, The Hon. R. W. Bend, Manitoba Minister of Health and Public Welfare, the Reverend Philip M. Petursson, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Winnipeg, Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, Winnipeg, and The Reverend Sigurdur Olafsson of Selkirk, Manitoba.

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